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The Redheaded Child And The Owl

~Lom Bachall Bard~ (mailto:jehokah@aol.com)

And so, the owl having seen all there was to see from it's high perch in the willow, was happier in the knowledge that life here was just,and right, opened its great wings to the starblessed breeze, ready to fly off into the night. The world below was as it should be.

The mother lioness had tucked away its cubs for the night, safe, no longer hungry, and secure in the cavern above the willow, near the creek.

The cavern knew that it had seen many years, and warmed many guests in that time, the guests warming it in return.

The doe had found a safe haven under the willow, its fawn warm, and for one more night would find solace in the simple pleasures. Soft grass, security, and love.

The willow itself was engaged in the sureity that its life would go on, for one more night at least, perhaps one more ring to be added eventually to its girth.

Even the grass was relieved to survive another day, having avoided the steps, and mouths of the creatures nearby. It would enjoy the silence of the night.

The lupine flower, purple glow growing faint in the ever cooling air, was content to enjoy another silent, altogether peaceful night.

The soil was steadfast in its belief that the morning's light would find it here, where it had been for years, perhaps closer to the creek, perhaps not.

The creek bed was slowly washing away, but tonight, even the gradual erosion was somehow slowed, as if by some strange peaceful force.

And on the hilltop, taking in the whole soul quenching view,splashed in moonlight, was the redheaded child, once lost, but now even though still many hours from home, was no longer in fear. She knew she would come back to this moment many times in her years to come, this would be her most tranquil and defining moment. It molded her, made her whole. She carried that one moment when all was right, as it should be, with her for the remainder of her long, wonderful life.

And the owl, seeing the redheaded child below, saw what she saw, knew what she knew. And flew off into the wondrous night.

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Quote of the moment:

Here, have some chocolate. Feel better now?

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